THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

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FOURTEENTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1898. NUMBER 85.

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GET YOUR NOTEHEADS, Envelopes, Letterheads, Catalogues, Sale Bills, &c., printed at HERALD office.

GENERAL NEWS.

The anti-cigarette law passed by the Tennessee legislature has been declared unconstitutional.

Fourteen Texans, commanded by Lieut. Gates, have gone to Cuba for government police duty.

In his annual report Secretary Long will recommend the construction of three new battleships.

Admiral Dewey is said to have declined an offer of $5000 for a magazine article. He said he was too busy.

The cruiser Chicago, which has been practically rebuilt, was put in commission at the Brooklyn navy yard today.

Liliuokalina, the deposed Queen of Hawaii, is expected soon to reach Washington, in hope of securing annuity from congress.

The farmers of Greenville township, Floyd county, Ind., have organized to prosecute every person hunting on their farms.

The Bannock Indians are reported to be illegally killing game and setting fire to forests in the Teton mountains in Wyoming.

The farmers of Decatur county, Ind., are already complaining that the Hessian fly is in their wheat and doing great damage.

It is believed that the coatest of the seat of Brigham H. Roberts, congressman-elect from Utah, will go against him, because he is a polygamist.

Col. Bryan, of the 3rd Nebraska regiment, has secured an additional 10 days' leave of absence on account of sickness, and will remain in Lincoln until Dec. 4.

A thief in New York stole a woman's purse and put in her pocket a crystal which appeared to be glass but which a jeweler pronounced a diamond worth $800.

At its own expense the Columbia (Mo.) Herald will erect on 100 miles of wagon road leading into Columbia sign posts indicating direction and distances.

At the War Department there seems to be an impression that not nearly so many troops will be needed in Cuba as was designated in a general order some time ago.

Attorney General Griggs has decided that a person may draw money on a check without a stamp, provided the check is payable to himself, from his own funds on deposit in the bank in question.

Rear Admiral Joseph N. Miller, who hoisted the American flag over Hawaii August 12 last, was placed on the retired list Nov. 22, after spending 47 years in active service, 20 years of which were passed at sea.

At Portsmouth, O., Geo. W. Ferguson, a quarryman, mistook blasting powder for coal and tried to build a fire with it. Two children were killed, Ferguson was terribly burned and other member of the family seriously hurt.

Capt. Gen. Blanco constantly expresses keen regret at having to surrender Cuba while he has 150,000 soldiers and 200 guns there. His ambition has been to go down in history as the defender of Havana during a long and bloody siege.

Hetty Green, said to be the richest woman in America, who has been living apart from her husband for 10 years, is reported to be again reconciled to him on account of his serious illness. Green was at one time a reckless Wall street speculator and known as "Spendthrift" Green.

Gold Bible hill, the mound where Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon faith, claims to have dug up, under divine direction, the golden plates on which were inscribed the Mormon Bible, is situated on the farm of Admiral Sampson near Palmyra, N.Y. The Mormons tried to buy the mound in 1893 to erect upon it a memorial chapel, but the admiral refused to sell.

Several letters in the interest of candidates for auditor have reached us lately.

THE CANARY CHIRPS AGAIN,

And Sings a Song in Clarion Notes for the Edification of the Would-be Clifty Candidate.

BUSHTON, ILL., Nov. 15, 1898.

Editor HERALD: After glancing over the introduction and discussion of Mr. Mannin's letter, I, like the boy who was kicked in the front part of the back by a refractory mule, suddenly arrived at the conclusion that I had nothing more to say.

But Mr. Mannin in his conclusion intimated that were I not afraid I would reply to the absurdities contained in his letter, and ostensibly aimed at the "Canary" of Illinois.

Understand, in the beginning, I am a Kentuckian by birth, a Kentuckian by education and a Kentuckian on principal; and far be it for me to make one blot on the fair escutcheon of Kentucky's fame

I am proud of my birthplace, proud of the noble hearted men and pretty women of my native state, and most of all have I cause to be thankful that I was blessed with the protecting care of a christian mother and a Democratic father; and, though not blessed with an abundance of worldly wealth and raised in "pomp and splendor," as the gentleman from Clifty intimates, still I have managed to exist in a way. But, as I have said, I am happy indeed to claim Kentucky as my birthplace, and as the gentleman seems to think I cast some reflections of a doubtful character on either the country or its people, I would beg leave to disabuse his mind of such thoughts once and forever. I therefore accept your challenge to reply, and as Crittenden said to the Spanish tyrant, so I say to you, "A Kentuckan kneels to none but God." And shall answer you "though you eat me."

The remark that the "Canary" had sung itself quite out of tune was a grand mistake either of "pen or mind." The plumage of the Canary is still unruffled, and were it otherwise the shot fired from a gun of so small calibre and loaded only with "mountain air" would have no visible effect upon the constitution of even a tender(?) canary. As to the gentleman being clothed in the armor of a just cause I never doubted it. But does it necessarily follow that I am wrong because he is right? That he is legislative "timber" I have not the least doubt. But I doubt, and I have no fear of successful contradiction, that Mr. Mannin could successfully land in a race for representative in Eastern Kentucky or "Clifty" either. I so expressed myself in my letter. Not with a view of "raising" a scrap through the columns of THE HERALD, but only as a word of advice to a "madly" ambitious young politician, who Cæsar like will not heed the warning of the Roman seer. But some day when the Rubicon is crossed, when Waterloo is lost, or perhaps later, on some deserted isle the gentleman may remember the chirup of the canary, and think with sorrow of what might have been, for you must keep in mind the remark of Jewel, "Politics is h—," anyhow.

He says, "I come to defend myself;" quite right. But as he was not assailed in any manner, the idea is absurd. The only remark I made that could grate harshly on the sensitive ears of Mr. Hon. Rep., was that he was no legislative fact. He has not as yet proved anything to the contrary. When he does he will give me an opening to bring up my side of the question, and allow me to say in conclusion, when you reach the "top rung of the ladder," don't think for an instant that I am "following," but if you wish to see the Canary "look aloft," and again, my dear boy, let not your heart trouble you in regard to my vote, as I shall lose no sleep on account of my anxiety to vote for you. As to your ambition I think it very commendable. But don't let your ambition overleap your judgment. Before you write again consider well: I am "up to snuff."

Very respectfully,
EDWARD O. TAULBEE.

Christmas Presents for the Poor.

"In your Christmas purchasing do not be tempted to forget those who, because of their poverty, are unable to do any shopping either for themselves or for others," advises Frances E. Lanigan, in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "Let your presents to them be of a substantial character—a ton of coal, some warm clothing, some money, a box of groceries, or a basket of Christmas marketing, topped with a bunch of holly. And to the little children in whose homes Christmas is little more than a name, send some of the many bright, new tin toys which are so inexpensive; some candy, some fruit, bright red woolen mittens and Tam o' Shanters, and, if you can afford it, some good stout shoes and warm stockings. A piece of bright-colored plaid will make a pretty gift for the little girl who has never, perhaps, had a new dress in her life. Accompany your Christmas present with some cheery Christmas greetings and some Christmas greens. Be very sure that this thoughtfulness will bring its own reward, and that in the years to come the memory of the Christmas when you gave most and received least will be the happiest of all memories to you."

A Certain Cure for Hog Cholera.

Hog cholera has cost American farmers millions of dollars annually. The loss to Iowa alone in 1896 is estimated at $15,000,000. For two years the department of agriculture has been experimenting for the purpose of securing an effective cure, which is now believed to have been found. A horse or cow is given repeated injections of the blood of a cholera diseased hog. The horse or cow sickens, but recovers and becomes cholera proof. The serum obtained from the blood of the horse or cow is then used to render hogs cholera proof and to cure those affected.

Valuable Property For Sale.

Residence in Winchester, 11 rooms, lot 60x210, in best part of town, stable, &c. Magnificent property. Price $5,500. Address or call on T. M. Morrow, Winchester or Jackson.

For Mothers!



THE discomforts and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves expectant mothers. It gives tone to the genital organs, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. $1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

LETCHER COUNTY LACONICS.

An Interesting Budget of Newsy Tid Bits About the Affairs of That Section of the Country.

SERGENT, KY., Nov. 22, 1898.

Editor HERALD: Allow me space for a few items from Letcher county, so here goes:

The new Letcher county court house is nearing completion. It will be a credit to our hustling, busy, bustling little county seat—Whitesburg.

Jason L. Webb, aged 79 years, a member of the remarkable old Webb family residing here, and one of our pioneers, is slightly indisposed at this writing. This family is quite an interesting one, and is as follows: Letty, aged 84; Polly, aged 82; Jason, aged 79; Miles, aged 76; Sally, aged 74, and Wiley aged 72. All six brothers and sisters reside within a short distance of their birthplace.

Hon. John D. White, independent candidate for congress from this, the Eleventh district, and the people's friend, received a majority of 186 in this (Letcher) county, yet Boreing received a very large majority in the district. Our people of the grand old Eleventh should have stood firm for White and given him the office. He has always been for the rights of his fellow-men.

The November term of Letcher circuit court convenes Monday at Whitesburg. There is not a murder case on the docket, which is a remarkably good showing for a pioneer border county. What one in the blue grass can excel Letcher's record?

Revenue officers, headed by Sam Wright and James Bradley, made a raid on the moonshines near here Saturday, and succeeded in cutting up five illicit "mountain-dew" fixtures. None of the shiners were rested. God grant—may the good work go on till the still loud shriek of the desperate "shiner" be heard no more throughout our peaceful mountain haunts. Then, and only then, will sweet peace reign supreme. So mote it be.

Married, Nov. 16, County Superintendent of Schools Roland E. Eversole to Miss —— Grable, of Virginia, your scribe joining in the procession of wishing them a long, happy and prosperous journey over life's fitful ocean. Roland is to be congratulated upon capturing such a lovely flower to shed its fragrance around him as he journeys down the lane of life.

The Sergent public school, conducted by Prof. J. S. Pendleton, an able instructor, will close Dec. 9, and give a splendid entertainment. The Whitesburg school, under the management of Prof. J. A. Webb, will close at same time and give an exhibition.

Died, a few days since at Dewey, Va., just over the border, Uncle Jordan Sturgill, an old citizen of Wise county, in the 87th year of his age. He leaves a large concourse of relatives and friends to mourn his sad, sad demise. Yet we mourn not as those without hope.

James P. Webb, one of our most promising youngsters, is slowly recovering from a paralytic stroke received about two months ago. We hope he will soon be able to be out.

The weather here is real nice for the time of year. Christmas will soon be here, when all hearts will be merry once more.

W. B. Webb, your would-be correspondent, went to Whitesburg today on business, and returned up the river.

The timber concern on Millstone, with Hon. W. S. Wright "backing" it, is doing a hustling business. A fine lot of logs are now lying on the banks of the North fork.

THE HERALD would be a thrice welcome visitor. Shall I receive it for an occasional contribution?

W. B. W.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by J. Taylor Day.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : : : KY.

A SYMPHONY.

Little maid! Little maid! I heard your voice calling
Away back in the years of my boyhood's first dreams;
It sang in the lisp of the shy waters falling
In sun-dimpled ripples in wild woodland streams.
It piped in the call of the bird of the meadows
And laughed in the lilt of the bird on the wing;
It lurked in the drowsily whispering shadows
Of green-arbored summer and light-hearted spring.

And then, maid of mine, when my boyhood departed,
And its dreamings gave place to the bright quests of youth,
I still heard the call of my love, tender-hearted,
Far up on the pathway of progress and truth.
It is well that at last you are sitting beside me;
Yet, through the long years I had known that a place
By your side, dearest heart, could not long be denied me;
That soon, love, my eyes would behold your dear face.

They say that I met you and won you, not knowing
That your voice in my heart was my childhood's first song;
And that song in my heart, dearest love, is bestowing
A blessing that shields me from weakness and wrong
Little maid! little maid! may I hear your voice calling
Away down the hills and the vales of the years;
May its song on my heart be, oh, tenderly falling
When life's journey ends in the valley of tears!

—Chicago Record.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow when she would be sure to have many other callers.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Some of the fair widow's calls were returned almost immediately, the Merriams' among the first, although the Merriams were not among the first to welcome her arrival. As luck would have it, Merriam was out on some troop duty. Mrs. Merriam saw her coming, accompanied by Mrs. Grafton, and fairly flew upstairs to her room instead of first giving instructions to her servant, as an older soldier of society would have done. In consequence the Chinaman admitted her caller to Floy's pretty parlor, and went in search of the lady of the house. Mrs. Grafton seated herself in an easy-chair, but Fanny flitted rapidly from point to point, scanning pictures, books and bric-a-brac. "John" presently reappeared, smiling sacuously.

"No can see. She sick, velly," he sturdily reported.

Mrs. Grafton looked concerned; Mrs. McLane annoyed.

"I'm sure I saw her on the tennis court not an hour since," she muttered to her hostess, as, after proper expressions of sympathy and regret, they regained the roadway.

"Well, she hasn't been looking well for some days," said Mrs. Grafton, "and it's quite possible she is ill."

The schoolmates had been housed together only a few days before Mrs. Grafton became convinced that Fanny's devotions were rapidly waning, that with recovering health and bloom and spirits the crying need for the one dear friend to lean on had vanished. Less and less grew the hours of confidential chat. More and more was the late disconsolate widow becoming interested, not to say absorbed, in the details of garrison life. Freeman, formerly of the —th, but now a squadron commander at Sedgwick, remarked that the lady was "beginning to take notice uncommonly early," and Minturn, with whom she was quite ready to walk and even to visit the tennis court, was heard to ask if they never had such things as half-mourning hops. Whittaker, who was sulky about something and preternaturally stately as a consequence, reminded him that Mrs. McLane was still in deep mourning—full mourning—to which a cynic in shoulder-straps who happened to be present replied that he only wished that other full's could be as lightly worn. "She may have been in the depths of woe before she left Chicago, as Mrs. Grafton declares she was," said Mrs. Buxton, a lady with years of experience, "but she's bravely over it soon enough. She'll be dancing next." And this unchristian, uncharitable remark was called forth by the sight of the lady going to ride with Whittaker—Whittaker, who at first could hardly be induced to call, and who now could hardly be induced to believe it time to go.

And of course, before she had been at the post a week everybody knew that this was the woman to whom Merriam was at least believed to be engaged two years before, and that added to the thrilling interest of the situation. For a little while it had been quite a problem how to entertain her. She didn't go to dances or dinners. She could, perhaps, ride and play tennis, but tennis she did not care for. Riding was unpleasant, because there were no winding wood roads, no elastic turf. The mesa was pebbly or sandy by turns, the canyon narrow, the roads dusty. Ladies' lunches, very, very quiet and informal, she consented to attent, but she did not care for lunches. The women presently declared she did not care for women.

The men, especially Minturn and Whittaker, had early become devoted to her, and there could be no doubt of her powers of fascination. The gunner and the trooper grew cold and constrained in their manner toward each other, and Whittaker quit going as he used to day and night, to Hayne's or Merriam's. The colonel's wife, dying to be hospitable, had urged a little, quiet home dinner. "Just yourself, your friends, the Graftons and Merriams, and, say, Mr. Minturn." Mrs. Grafton assured the kind army woman that Mrs. McLane would not think of accepting. Mrs. McLane amazed her hostess by eventually saying yes.

Since the Tuesday evening of their call, not once had the Merriams held conversation with the widow. She called, as has been seen, and Mrs. Merriam had to be excused. Mrs. Merriam used to love tennis, but quit the game as soon as Mrs. McLane began coming to the court. Mrs. Merriam, who used to love to ride with Randy, had discontinued it a day or two after that alleged illness, as though to carry out the illusion, but by the Thursday she again appeared in the saddle and galloped out upon the mesa by her husband's side. Returning, they met Mrs. McLane just starting out with her gunner friend, and the ice had to be broken. The stylishly habited widow beamed on both, begged Floy to let her know at what hour they would ride next day, as she adored it of all things, and next day Floy's horse was reported "dead lame," and she would ride no other. When Mrs. Colonel's invitation came for that utterly unlooked-for dinner, the Merriams were cornered, for Floy, though looking sallow and heavy-eyed now, was not really ill and could urge no excuse. Garrison dinner "bids" must be answered as promptly as those in city life. "We've got to go dear," said Merriam calmly, "so send our acceptance."

"I won't go," said Floy to herself, as she penned and signed the little note, and when Saturday came she was too ill to leave her bed. Mrs. Hayne came to minister to and sit with her. The Freemans were bidden instead, and Mrs. Freeman could have stamped her pretty foot in vexation, for neither she nor her lord thought it the proper thing for Mrs. McLane to be going to dinners so early in her widowhood; besides, there were other reasons.

The dinner came off, however, and was a dismal feast with a dramatic conclusion.

As has been shown, only twice had Mrs. McLane had speech with Merriam during the seven days, and both times it was in presence of his wife. The Graftons, Haynes and Freemans were delighted with him as a consequence, and rejoiced in secret over her. But not a whit did the widow show disappointment or discomfiture. She was amply entertained, apparently, with the increasing devotions of Minturn and Whittaker, and the latter spent two miserable hours this Saturday evening in jealous contemplation of his own outcast lot and Minturn's presumable bliss. Yet the colonel could not have both to dinner, so Mrs. Colonel was allowed to decide, and her preference was for the artilleryman. The Graftons went with rather bad grace, Mrs. Grafton warning her guest that the whole garrison would be talking of her inconstancy, but, as Ned Parry remarked on a previous occasion, Fan had had her own way ever since she cut her first tooth, and did not propose to be ruled now.

"Almost the last words Mr. McLane whispered," said she, indignantly, "were to implore me not to waste my youth in vain lamentation. 'Life is too short to be spent in tears,' were his very words," and evidently the widow was here in full sympathy with the expressed or reported views of the dear departed. She went. She looked uncommonly pretty in a gown of deepest, most somber and most expensive crape. She sat at the colonel's right, and made eyes at him all through dinner, leaving Minturn on her right to sulk and scowl and seek comfort in the commandant's champagne. Fanny herself partook not too sparingly of this seductive fluid, and was sparkling with animation and good spirits when, just before coffee was served—just as the trumpets were sounding tattoo out on the moonlit parade, a servant came and whispered to the master of the house.

"Tell him I'm at dinner and can't see him now."

The servant vanished, then reappeared, bent and whispered again.

"Tell him I'm at dinner and won't see him now," said the colonel, not unwilling to impress on his fair guest the idea of his professional importance and personal force. The servant bent and whispered again, whereat the colonel changed color and glanced up uncertainly in the troubled face of the messenger, then as uncertainly around the table, his eyes only for an instant meeting those of his guest.

"Will you excuse me a moment, my dear?" he said to his wife, and left the table and the room.

Conversation went on somewhat constrainedly. Mrs. McLane, intent on fascinating the colonel, had rather ignored the rest. Minturn was plainly in the sulks, and Mrs. Colonel, with anxiety in her eyes, was plainly listening to the hurried talk in the outer room. Presently in came the servant. Would Capt. Grafton please join the colonel in the parlor, and, wondering, Grafton went.

"It's that dreadful telegraph operator," said Mrs. Colonel, in a low, troubled tone. "It's some bad news. Indian outbreak, probably, or he'd never be so insistent."

Then all conversation seemed to drag, and people only spoke in monosyllables or hazarded some guess as to what could be the matter.

But it wasn't Indians. It wasn't warfare. It was only the soldier telegrapher at the post, who bore with him a message which the operator at the Junction had received positive instructions from the eastern manager to deliver at once and report delivery and get an answer. It was for Mrs. McLane. So there was nothing for it but to call her, and with sudden panic in her eyes she hurried into the parlor, shrank for a moment from the proffered dispatch—then, with an effort at self-control, took it, tore it open, read with dilated eyes, lifted her hand to her face as though in bewilderment and dismay, staring into vacancy as she did so, and then suddenly, without a moan, without a sound from her lips, went down in a limp heap upon the bearskin rug whereon she stood, and the ladies rushed to—but could not—revive her.

Full half an hour they labored over her. The messenger had dashed for



She rushed out after him.

the doctor and brought him to the scene. Grafton had rescued the paper just as it seemed about to flutter into the fireplace, folding and stowing it away in his coat pocket, and not until after ten did she seem to recover consciousness, not until near the sounding of taps could they bear her home, and then the messenger came back. The operator at the Junction said they must have report of the receipt of the message, and some answer; this was imperative. Grafton appealed to the doctor. The doctor said Mrs. McLane was only semi-conscious, and could answer nothing. "She is your guest, man. Read the dispatch and reply as best you can. Whatever its contents, they have shocked her seriously."

And so finally Grafton read the message and could fathom only a portion of its meaning.

"Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M."

CHAPTER IX.

Three days after the colonel's dinner, Mrs. McLane was pronounced sufficiently well to take the open air, but did not not look sufficiently well, in her own opinion, to take the hint. Nor did Mrs. Grafton too eagerly urge. By this time the hostess was fully convinced that Fanny was far from being the frank, confiding creature she had pictured herself to be; that she had come to Sedgwick with other purposes in view than that of seeking the sympathy and counsel of her erstwhile schoolmate; that she was concealing from her, to whom she once longed to unbosom her every thought, some vital and thrilling circumstance, and, worst of all, that Capt. Grafton now knew what it was, and wouldn't tell. This perhaps, was almost unpardonable. In vain had Mrs. Grafton insinuated, inquired, insisted, and finally implored. Her husband was gentle, but obdurate.

"I know nothing, Harriet," he simply said. "I do, perhaps, conjecture, but all I conjecture is derived from that dispatch, the contents of which should be seen and known only by your friend the—your friend and once-upon-a-time bridesmaid. If she choose to tell you, well and good, but I cannot."

But he told Mrs. McLane what he had read without telling what he conjectured, and then furthermore told her what he had done—wired to Aunt Charlotte that her niece was prostrated by the receipt of her dispatch, and might not be able to reply for several days, so Aunt Charlotte was existing without further knowledge of the condition of her niece as placidly, let us hope, as was her niece without further knowledge of the condition of her uncle.

It was on this third day when the doctor left, after saying Mrs. McLane ought to go and take a drive or a ride, that Grafton wrote to her a few words reporting that he had read Aunt Charlotte's dispatch and replied to it as above stated. This note he sent in by Annette. Mrs. Grafton was receiving sympathizing callers at the moment, and the captain bade Annette say that if he could be of any further service Mrs. McLane should let him know. Presently Annette returned with a note.

"I am so distracted," it said, "so friendless, I do not know what to do. You are the only man upon whose counsel I can depend, but even that is denied me, for Harriet has turned cold and unkind. Because I cannot tell her the secrets of others she thinks me false to our old friendship, and she has changed to me so much that were I able to travel I should go at once, only how could we explain? Oh, I long to tell you the whole story, but I cannot! I must not! and I must not do that which might increase her suspicion—" But here Grafton began to frown angrily. He read no further, though there were half a dozen lines on the following page, but tossed the whole thing into the open fireplace, tramped right upstairs and tapped at the guest room door.

"Can you come to the door a moment, Mrs. McLane?" he asked.

There was the sound of sudden rush and rustle within, then her light footfall, the clack of the doorknob, and her voice, low and sweet.

"You startled me so," she said, through the inch-wide aperture that appeared, but left her invisible. "I dreaded that it was another telegram. Oh, I'm not fit to be seen, but—"

"I don't w—I don't need to see you, Mrs. McLane," said he, stoutly. "We can converse perfectly well, as Annette is below stairs. All I wish to say is this: If I can be of service—in sending off any letters or dispatches to your friends, command me. But really, Mrs. McLane, there is no need of telling me anything about the matter."

"But I have to, Capt. Grafton," and the door opened a bit wider. "I must have your advice. I must do something right away, and you're the only one who can help me."

"Then I'll ask Harriet to come here at once," said he, and, suiting action to words, started for the stairway.

She rushed out after him, dishevelled, pallid. "Oh, I cannot tell Harriet," she cried.

"Then, Mrs. McLane, you cannot tell me."

For a moment she looked at him in amaze.

"I will wire for your lawyer, Mr. Parry," he went on calmly. "He can advise what I probably could not."

"He cannot advise as you can, captain. It's a matter he knows nothing about. I've got to see Mr. Merriam, and he avoids me even worse than you do, than—in fact, everybody does now that I'm in deep trouble," she wailed.

"I am sure Mr. Merriam will come to you if there is anything of importance," said Grafton, gravely. "I will see him at the stables, and the call is sounding now."

"Oh, not to-day—not to-day. To-morrow, perhaps, but not to-day. I really cannot see him just yet. I'm so unstrung—and he mustn't let her—his wife, know. She'll never rest till she's worried it all out of him."

"He will let his wife know," said Grafton, calmly, "and is wise in so doing, but she will not be apt to make inquiries." Then he turned and left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How the Brahmin Cleans His Teeth.

When the Brahmin cleans his teeth he must use a small twig cut from one of a number of certain trees, and before he cuts it he must make his act known to the gods of the woods. He must not indulge in this cleanly habit every day. He must abstain on the 6th, the 8th, the 9th, the 14th, the 15th and the last day of the moon, on the days of new and full moon, on the Tuesday in every week, on the day of the constellation under which he was born, on the day of the week and on the day of the month which correspond with those of his birth, at an eclipse, at the equinoxes and other unlucky epochs, and also on the anniversary of the death of his father or mother. Anyone who cleans his teeth with his bit of stick on any of the above-mentioned days will have hell as his portion.—Hindoo Manners.

Scrofula Cured

Sore on His Limb Had Troubled Him for Years.

"I had a bad case of scrofula, and there was a sore on one of my limbs which troubled me for three or four years. I saw Hood's Sarsaparilla so highly recommended for scrofula that I began taking it, and it has completely cured me. I am sound and well." CLARENCE L. DELANEY, Waller, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

TRUE TO HIS LAST.

A Good Shoemaker May Not Know Much Besides Making Shoes, But—

Two men were talking.

"What I admire among our artisan class," said one with the air of a superior person, "is a little broader knowledge than is defined by the mere walls of his shop. Now, I have in mind two shoemakers whom I see occasionally, as they are both tenants of mine. Both of them are prompt, industrious, honest men, but one is as ignorant as he can be even about the details of his own trade. Why, I asked him the other day where shoe pegs were made, and of what wood and he hasn't the least idea, and I had to tell him. On the contrary, the other one, not only knew that much, but was up on the history of shoes and their material and manufacture, and he interested me for half an hour by a most instructive talk on his occupation. There is a vast difference, I think, between two men situated as those two are, and it is greatly to the credit of one that he acquires knowledge, not because it is absolutely necessary, but because of his desire to broaden and see something more than what may dangle at a waxend or spread itself over a side of sole leather. Don't you think as I do?"

"Um-er," hesitated the other man, "I know your two shoemakers and have had work done by both of them, and I notice another difference that you probably overlooked."

"I knew you would," responded the first man, rubbing his hands with pleasure.

"Yes," continued the other, "the man who only knows how to make shoes can make shoes and the other chap can't. There's something in that, you know, to the man who must wear them."—Washington Star.

When a Man Looks Sad.

If you should meet a man wearing a long, pain-wrinkled, thoughtful face nowadays do not jump at the conclusion that there has been a death in his family. He may have staked a Klondiker a few months ago.—Denver Post.

Stiff as a poker—sore as a boil? St. Jacobs Oil will relax, soothe, cure.

Beauty is like a cooking stove—no good if the fuel gives out.—Chicago Daily News.

Stricken with Sciatica? St. Jacobs Oil will strike it out and cure.

So many people become silly in trying to be funny.—Atchison Globe.

Why suffer so with Neuralgia? St. Jacobs Oil will drive it all away.

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THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

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A Natural Black by

Buckingham's Dye.

Price 50 cents of all druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE

Is the only sure cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Gangrene, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. Draws out all poison. Saves expense and suffering. Cures permanent. Best salve for Abscesses, Piles, Burns, Cuts, and all Fresh Wounds. By mail, small, 50c; large, $1.00. Book free. J. F. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., St. Paul, Minn. Sold by Druggists.

SOME RADICAL THEORIES

If Adopted They Would Brighten Many a Domestic Circle.

The Garret and Cellar Represents the Boundaries of a Man's Home—Qualities for Married People to Carefully Cultivate—Sermon By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Dr. Talmage in this discourse sets forth radical theories, which if adopted, would brighten many domestic circles. Text, John xx., 10: "The disciples went away again unto their own homes."

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—home! If things go right there they go right everywhere. If things go wrong there they go wrong everywhere. The doorsill of the dwelling house is the foundation of church and state. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life overarches and undergirdles all other life. The highest house of congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run 70 years in a straight line he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in parts, and then he gradually puts us together. What I lack you make up; what you lack I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quail in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this.

It is in this way that He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cutwater, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the oppesites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the center. John Wesley balances Calvin's institutes. An old thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you had the same variety again; brothers, sisters, husband and wife, all different in temperament and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther; and mid-air, iron beaks plunge, till with clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the River Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism and polygamy, and the most damnable of all things, free-lovism, have been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equaled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with Heaven or hell. Alas, for this new dispensation of George Sand! Alas for this mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assail what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knighterrantry and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that instead of the paradise they dreamed of they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrages before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I known there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then, there are those who will, after awhile, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let Him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with Heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the evening time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after awhile there came a devastation, domestic disaster or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My second advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer meetings and pray like angels who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband comes home from the store with his patience exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the warwhoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

> The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear;
> And something, every day they live,
> To pity, and perhaps forgive.

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household into the servant's lap and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans.

It is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel, but the jaws of social dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges.

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said, "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it."

The tears came not; it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in and the moment they saw the still face of the child the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul, but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James McIntosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me."

The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ough to be interested in all losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dares not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with, but if he dare not tell her he is on the road to discomfiture. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman who could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the register or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say: "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one; your interests are one; your losses are one. Lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at 10 o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing.

That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction; first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the heartstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a depotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar! How dare you commit perjury! Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, and they think that if they have a house they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost $100,000. It is done. The carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses, in gold-plated harness, prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down, and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amid the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl in the dance; cast it in the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in the chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the center of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let Happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and, all chalices lifted, we will say, "Drink, O queen! live forever!" But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amidst the parlor floor. But alas! as they come back the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair. The romp of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing room and the bed chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine breakers come the words, "happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond, "it is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer "happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of anguish break open and seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together and groans, "it is not in me!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

CHICAGO stock brokers are going to test the war tax.

TWO couples from Cleveland have reached Chicago in wagons on a honeymoon trip.

NEW YORK is going to provide enough schoolhouses, as the board of education has asked for $12,000,000 for new buildings.

BOB FITZSIMMONS has sued a New York hotel proprietor for damages for refusing him accommodation because he was a prize fighter.

A WALKDEN (Eng.) mechanic has succeeded in breaking his legs 24 times in the last 52 years. The Manchester doctors look on him as a marvel.

IT is now denied that Sir Herbert Kitchener is an Irishman, that he has even a drop of Irish blood in his veins, or that any of the Kitchener family has.

IT is reported that the administration has determined to send 60,000 regulars and volunteers to Cuba to garrison 50 or 60 posts throughout the island.

AT some recent Russian naval maneuvers 20 out of 30 vessels taking part broke down through carelessness, slovenliness or general inefficiency on the part of the men in charge.

SCHEMONAJEWSKOJE, a village in the district of Smiensk, Siberia, has been depopulated temporarily, 1,400 of the inhabitants having been sent to jail for refusing to repair the highway.

WHILE Councillor B. Freedman, of Swansea, was riding his cycle along the Mumbles road the celluloid gear case of the machine caught fire, and before he could jump burned his trousers off him.

MOTOR wagons for delivering mails are the latest thing in England, and are proving so successful that the experiment is to be continued on a large scale, both in London and in the provincial towns.

RABBIT fur is now an important commercial article, from which is made an imitation seal for capes. You can't get ahead of a yankee. When seals are getting scarce he brings out a substitute just about as good as the original.

KRUPP is building five-centimeter (two-inch) paper field guns for the German infantry. They are so light that a single soldier can easily carry one, while the resistance of the paper is greater than that of steel of the same caliber.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Money," said the Corned Philosopher, "is like ice; the hotter the time the sooner it is gone."—Indianapolis Journal.

May—"You have known him a long time, haven't you?" Belle—"Yes, he was my first, my seventh and my eighteenth sweetheart."—Town Topics.

Y.—"Do you think Ike ever lies about the fish he catches?" C.—"No, I don't; but I think he lies about the fish he doesn't catch."—Yonkers Statesman.

Hapley—"Clara and I have concluded to go into partnership for life." Bass—"So? Who furnishes the capital—Clara's father?"—Boston Transcript.

Schoolmaster (entering boys' dormitory)—"What are you doing out of bed this time of the night, Murphy?" Murphy—"Oh, sorr, I got out to tuck myself in."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

> Some folks have eccentricities,
> Others have a craze;
> While, too, the crooked grocer has
> His own peculiar weighs.
> —N. Y. Life.

Neighbor—"Did that artist who boarded with you paint your doors and windows?" Farmer—"He did not. At first he refused to do such common work, and after I had seen one of his pictures, I refused to let him do it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

She Draws the Line.—Lucy—"I see they are not going to muster any more men out of the army." Mildred—"Well, that settles it. I've kept faith with Tom all summer, but I'm not going to stay home from the theaters this winter even if they make him a major general!"—Chicago Daily News.

BOYS WANT BICYCLES.

The Remarkable Results of a Clever Schoolmaster's Experiment with His Pupils.

The average schoolboy will work his fingers to the bone if he has reason to think that a bicycle will crown his efforts. By way of experiment, a schoolmaster once promised to give a beautiful machine to the boy who proved himself most worthy of it, and stipulated that all who entered the competition should work hard for a whole week, at the end of which time they would be required to submit an account of the way they had spent their spare hours. Excitement reigned supreme during the next six days, and many a home was turned topsy-turvy by zealous competitors for the coveted bike. Every lad chose a different method of showing his ability, and some of the claims handed in were decidedly original.

One boy built a substantial workshop, but discovered when he had finished it that he had forgotten to leave a space for the window; another actually made a coffin—"Just your size, sir," he told the master, naively; while a third constructed a pretty gingerbread model of the village church, the chances of which were slightly spoiled by the marks of some predatory teeth on the spire. The majority of the lads, however, selected scholastic subjects, and the most marvellous achievement in this line was that of a fifth boy, who, without any previous knowledge of shorthand, tackled an old-established stenographic system, and mastered it so thoroughly that at the end of the week he could write 60 words a minute and translate his notes accurately into the bargain. One musical genius confidently claimed the bicycle because he had learned the jews-harp, the tin whistle and the trombone, and was indignant when the schoolmaster passed him over.

The prize was eventually awarded to an athletic youngster, who, with inexhaustible patience and skill, taught 30 persons to swim within the time stipulated. The verdict in favor of the last-named feat was practically unanimous, and the disappointed competitors, gallantly crushing down their own feelings, gave the smiling winner a royal ovation.

The youngest boy of an aristocratic but needy family used to feel dreadfully ashamed when his chums invited him to accompany them on their rides, for he hadn't a bicycle of his own, and his father was utterly unable to provide him with one. Thinking that this state of things had existed long enough he one day resolved to make a bold bid for fortune, and daringly carired his plan into effect. It was the beginning of the cricket season, and the boy, having completely hidden his identity by disguising his features and wearing well-fitting but shabby clothes, went day after day to a popular county ground and sold penny packets of sweets to the spectators. There was something in his easy, graceful manner and refined accent which attracted general attention to him, and in a very short time it became quite the conventional thing for the women in the pavilion to hold converse with the little confectionery vendor, who was often given sixpence for a bag of sweets costing only a halfpenny. At this rate matters prospered exceedingly with him, and long before the conclusion of the season he had purchased his bicycle and confessed the deception to his parents. They were very angry with him at first, especially when he coolly stated that he had on several occasions sold sweets to his own relatives, but after a time they saw only the smartness of their son's risky plan to raise money, and graciously condoned his violation of the family honor.—Chums.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : Dec. 1, 1898.

FOR GOVERNOR,

P. WAT HARDIN,

OF HARRODSBURG.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Representative.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH P. ROSE, of Lacy creek, Wolfe county, as a candidate for Representative in the next General Assembly from the counties of Wolfe and Morgan, subject to action of the Democratic party.

For State Auditor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

THE Democratic party made a mistake, in our humble judgment, in passing the Goebel "force bill," and we believe it is the beginning of the end of the party's power in Kentucky. The Winchester Democrat says: "The Goebel election law works like a charm. Over in the Ninth district people took very little interest, as they did here. When the election was over the result was found to be very close, both sides claiming it. On November 10th the election commissioners met according to law, canvassed the returns and certified to the result. On comparison it was found that the returns as certified elected Pugh, Republican, by 12 votes. In Bracken county the two Democratic members of the committee met again five days after they had counted the vote of the county and certified to its correctness, and threw out the vote of a precinct because the officers closed the polls to eat their dinner. No claim is made that any one was deprived of his vote. This changed a Republican majority of 12 to a Democratic majority of eight. At a still later date the Rowan county commissioners met, after having certified at a previous meeting to the correctness of the vote, and threw out the vote of three precincts on some trivial grounds, thus reducing the Republican vote still more. In common with all good Democrats we should be glad to see a Democratic congressman from the Ninth district, but we cannot afford to make this attempt to steal it. We say attempt, for it will not be successful, as the Republican majority in congress will seat Pugh with hardly the formality of a trial. It is such things as these that will bring the law into disrepute with all honest men regardless of party affiliation."

The Success of the Season.

Subscriptions to the LEDGER MONTHLY are just rolling in by the thousands. It will pay any of our readers to drop in at the office and look at a sample copy of the Ledger Monthly, and then take advantage of our clubbing rates. We will send our paper and the Ledger Monthly for $1.00. This is a very small price to get the best local newspaper in the mountains and America's Great Family Magazine. Just think of it!—THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and a beautiful magazine for only $1.50. Do not miss such an opportunity.

Died, at the residence of his son in-law, George Oldfield, Saturday morning last, John Spaniard Nickell, aged about 65 years. He was one of the best known and best liked men in this section, and numbered his friends by hundreds. His death removes from our midst one of the oldest landmarks and greatest hunters.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state. D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country. 27-tf.

Written for THE HERALD.]

MY FIRST LOVE.

Down the lazy street one spring-time morn
I loitered, fancy free;
And swinging there on the garden gate,
A maiden smiled at me.

"O, blue-eyed maid on the garden gate,
Come walk," I said, "with me!"
"Is it far we'll walk together," she said,
"An' I come an' walk with thee?"

"I'll gather a store of columbines
From the south-side cliff for thee;
Sweet-williams, bluebelles and violets,
An' thou come an' walk with me."

Then down she came from the garden gate,
And adown the street went we
To the south-side cliff, where the violets
And columbines bloom free.

Then I gathered a store and decked her out
Till she was a sight to see; [bines
But the red of her cheeks made the colum-
Seem commonplace to me.

I looked in the violets' eyes and her's,
And 'tis truth I tell to thee:
One beauty I saw, but the violets'
Was beauty of less degree.

"O, maiden!" I cried, "I love thee well:
Come walk through life with me."
"I love thee, too," she said, "but love
Another more than thee."

Many the mile lies this side then—
Many and rough for me:
But I drink tonight to the blue-eyed maid
Who answered so loyally.

Yes, loyal to him she loved, to him
Who loved in vain, was she;
For here she has writ to me: "My friend,
"I've named my boy for thee."

W. BURDINE WEBB.

Sergent, Ky., Nov. 22, 1898.

LATE STATE NEWS.

The state convention of tobacco growers will meet at Frankfort next Monday.

The Richmond, Union and Elliston precincts in Madison, will vote on local option on the 10th inst.

It is said that Mrs. Mary E. Rogers, who recently died at Colesburg, Hardin county, had read the Bible through more than a hundred times.

The Mormons have two churches and 600 converts in Kentucky, and are arranging to send an additional number of missionaries to this state.

Harrison county has 285 miles of free pikes and it only cost $754.25 to keep them in repair last year. The fiscal court is satisfied with the result.

John Williams, of Cumberland county, thought he heard a robber in his house and fired his shotgun. His wife was so badly scared by the report that she became suddenly insane.

W. L. Grady, of Gradyville, raised a bushel of artichokes out of four hills. This makes about 1,080 bushels of artichokes to the acre, and would be cheaper and better hog feed than either acorns or beech mast.

The Glasgow Times says the turkey crop of Barren is large and fine and the birds are being bought at 5 cents a pound. It is said that a large portion of the crop will likely remain unbought until next spring, as the demand for them is quite limited.

Capt. Jacobs, of the Eighth colored immunes, located at Chickamauga, was here Monday in search of deserters. He went to Mt. Sterling and got five. He stopped here and got Will Hodgkin and Strode Bailey, who had been in jail for a few days, and also secured a contingent at Lexington.—Winchester Democrat, Nov. 29.

No novel has been more widely read by Kentuckians, perhaps, than "Tempest and Sunshine." Mrs. Allen Robinson, the real "Tempest," died last week in Jessamine county aged 71 years, says the Winchester Democrat. She would never talk about the novel nor allow it to be discussed in her presence. Her sister, "Sunshine," Mrs. Porter, is still living near Midway.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by J. Taylor Day.

The offices of Floyd Day's lumber and tie business has been removed to Jackson to be closer to the field of work. Carl Day, C. M. Clark and A. P. Steel, who have been located here, were quite popular and will be missed. We regret to lose this firm from the business interests of our city.—Winchester Democrat, Nov. 25.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

ARE YOU A DEMOCRAT?

An old adage reads: "There is a place for everything," and for everything to be in its place, the LOUISVILLE DISPATCH should find a place in the home of every DEMOCRAT in the SUNNY SOUTH. The Dispatch is the people's paper, owned by the people, and is always ready to fight for the cause of the people. IT STANDS SQUARELY ON THE CHICAGO PLATFORM, without the aid or consent of the Gold Bug Monopolies, and a fair comparison of its news service (now being furnished over leased wires by the New York Sun, the Chicago Inter Ocean and the Northern Press Association) with that of any other paper, will fully verify its Motto, "If you see it in the Dispatch it's so, and if it's so it is always in the Dispatch."

The Dispatch also has a staff of over 300 active correspondents in the South, and will POSITIVELY GUARANTEE MORE THAN DOUBLE THE SOUTHERN NEWS of any other Louisville paper. Get the Dispatch; it gives the news and tells the truth about it.

Daily, 8 pages; Sunday, 24 pages; Weekly, 8 pages. We club with the Weekly Dispatch at the remarkably low price of

$1.00 a Year for Both Papers.

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GOOD ONES at $3.50.
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We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, your own checks, and loan you money when in need.

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Paid up Capital, $200,000.00.
Surplus, $50,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,1y

FOR SALE

Desiring to close out my business at this place, I offer for sale all of my

Blacksmith, Carriage and Wood-Workers' Tools,

consisting of the latest models. Also, Material and Supplies, a great variety and the best quality. Also,—

Two Saddle and Harness Horses,

GOOD ONES, aged 5 and 6 years; and perfectly safe for any one to drive. One First-class Buggy and Harness, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

Parties in need of any of the above, can secure bargains by calling on

JOHN H. ROSE, Hazel Green, Ky.

J. TAYLOR DAY,

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

General Merchandise, Lumber,

Real Estate, &c.

Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

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Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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SILAS B. KASH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

Greatest Clothing Sale

In the History of the Trade,
At

Louis & Gus Straus',

Lexington's Leading Clothing House.

We are badly overstocked in every department. We propose to sell you bargains when you want them and not when the season is over.

JUST THINK OF A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT at 99 cents. A beautiful satin-lined, Kersey overcoat, finest made, worth $25.00, at $12.50. 250 Boys' All-Wool Scotch Suits, double breasted, sizes 5 to 16 years, worth $4, at $2 a suit. Beautful blue and black cheviots, double breasted, up to 20 years old, worth $10, at $5.

Remember we have clothing for the Workingman—Farmer—Banker. We do not carry cheap trashy goods, but represent such manufacturers as Alfred Benjamin & Co., Strous Bros., Fechheimer, Keifer & Co., and all the leading manufacturers of the United States. You cannot afford to miss this sale as you may never have another chance in your lifetime.

We are agents for "Newburgh Never-Rip Pants," and will give you 10 per cent. off on all goods.

Beautiful Natural Wool Undershirts and Drawers, worth $2, at $1 a suit.

The best Fleece-lined Undershirts and Drawers, worth $2, at $1 a suit.

100 dozen Fancy Shirts made by Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., at 75 cents. Price never named heretofore, and worth $1.50.

You can afford to borrow money and pay interest to buy these goods at prices named.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,
Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

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THE N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE has an Agricultural Department of the highest merit, all important news of the Nation and World, comprehensive and reliable market reports, able editorials, interesting short stories, scientific and mechanical information, illustrated fashion articles, humorous pictures, and is instructive and entertaining to every member of every family.

THE HERALD gives you all the local news, political and social, keeps you in close touch with your neighbors and friends, on the farm and in the village, informs you as to local prices for farm products, the condition of crops and prospects for the year, and is a bright, newsy, welcome and indispensable weekly visitor at your home and fireside.

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Offers instruction in Agriculture, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, three lines of Scientific Study, viz: Mathematical, Biological and Chemical, Classics and Pedagogy, each of which leads to a degree.

Twenty-eight Professors and assistants. Laboratories and museums large and well equipped. County appointees receive free tuition, matriculation, fuel and lights, and room rent. Traveling expenses also given to appointees who remain the full collegiate year.

Board in dormitories $2.25 per week, in private families $2.50 to $3. Board, uniform, books and washing need not exceed $150.00 per year.

Fall Term Begins second Thursday in September.

Preliminary Examinations first Monday in September.

For catalogues and other information apply to

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OPEN TO THE WORLD.

Don't get possession of Swango Springs until December 21st, 1898, but will buy and keep some on tap free for all guests of L PARK HOTEL, TORRENT, KY.

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Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

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Best after dinner pills.
25 cents. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE HERALD.

Red River Valley Railway Co.'s TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt, Rothwell, Ky.

Mrs. John B. Davis is still confined to her room.

John Davis made a flying trip to Stillwater Sunday.

Ed Jones went to Torrent Sunday to convey Newt Hurst.

John Muncy, of Missouri, will preach at Daysboro on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock and on Sunday moruing.

In the absence of Prof. Cord, Prof. J. S. Hawkins will speak in the Christian church Sunday morning. Let everybody attend.

J. R. Bays, L. M. Day, S. H. Nickell and K. S. Risner, of the Academy Home, spent thanksgiving at the home of their parents.

The condition of Mrs. Lou Day, we are sorry to report, is about the same as last week, and while she knows all her friends, her talk is irrational.

Sheriff A. T. Combs went to Frankfort Moday to make settlement with the state, and ere this has his quietus. How many sheriffs in the state can say the same?

YOU MUST have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would **BE WELL.**

Andrew J. Brown, of Matthews, Morgan county, was in town visiting The Home on last Friday. He says he will enroll in Hazel Green Academy January 2nd.

Miss Anna Belle Combs, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. F. Pieratt of this place, and other relatives in the vicinity, left for her home at Campton on Tuesday morning.

Elder Jim Tom Pieratt on Monday evening informed our man about town that he had been retained to read the riot act to a rural couple who are to be spliced today. Particulars in our next.

W. N. Hurst, of the Second U. S. infantry, who was here on sick furlough, left Sunday to rejoin his regiment, now in camp at Anniston, Ala. He has entirely recoved his health, and Ed Jones says his appetite is A1.

Boyd Brown and Boone Salyers, of White Oak, enrolled in Hazel Green Academy last Monday. Quite a number of young men and women of White Oak and vicinity will enroll here January 2, the beginning of the next term.

The special invitations sent out last Saturday brought a large audience at the Christian church. Only two families out of the number receiving these invitations failed to respond. Every family has a special invitation to attend every service. Don't forget it!

One of the sweetest original poems it has ever been our pleasure to publish is the one that appears with this issue, entled, "My First Love," written for THE HERALD by W. Burdine Webb, of Sergent, Ky., who kindly promises to be a regular contributor to our columns.

In Henry Pieratt's store Monday evening Mort Swango remarked that he had killed 101 birds since the 15th of November, and sotto voice said, "the next mess I kill I'm going to take to THE HERALD man, and then if I don't get my name in the paper I'll quit." Time will prove all things.

Prevention is better than cure. Keep your blood pure, your appetite good and your digestion perfect by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla, gentle, efficient.

The wedding of Miss Katie E. Taylor and Mr. William R. Bush was celebrated last evening at 7 o'clock at St. Paul's parsonage. Rev. James P. Barry performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, and the attendants were Miss Mamie Taylor and Mr. Henry Bush. The bride wore a stylish gown of blue cloth with pretty hat, and looked very fair and beautiful. After the ceremony and congratulations the happy couple went to the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary K. Taylor, at 47 Chestnut street, where they will make their home for the present. This evening Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bush, of North Upper street, parents of the groom, will give a family dinner party in honor of the bridal couple.

The bride has been for a number of years one of the favorite clerks with the firm of Appleton & Edge, and is so lovely and gentle in person and character that all who know her are her friends. Among the many elegant wedding gifts which were received are generous ones from her associates in business and the members of the firm.

The groom is a handsome young man in the United States mail service, and many congratulations and good wishes are extended them for a long and happy life.

Among the guests from other towns at the wedding were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dudley, of Winchester, and Miss Sallie Taylor, of Lagrange.—Lexington Leader, Nov. 17.

The groom is a nephew of our better-½, who joins with us in wishing the happy young couple a pleasant and profitable journey along the pathway of life, and the hope that the happiness of their future may be a complete and final fulfillment of "love's young dream." So mote it be.

A basket supper will be given at the Presbyterian church in Hazel Green on Friday night, Dec. 10, 1898, for the benefit of the church, which sadly needs repair, and everybody is invited to attend and aid in this laudable undertaking. Every little girl, every young lady, and every old lady or married lady is asked to prepare a lunch in some kind of small basket or box (for two persons), and put their name on a slip of paper inside the basket. These baskets will then be sold at auction, and the proceeds are to go for church repairs. Aside from the amusing features attending the auction, a program consisting of music, recitations, select readings, etc., etc., has been arranged for the pleasure of all who grad dich presence and participate.

On thanksgiving evening the people of Bethel neighborhood enjoyed a very nice entertainment given by Miss Flora Crain's school. The program consisted of declamations, select readings and recitations, interspersed with music by Mrs. Doane and the school. The pupils acquitted themselves well, and did credit to their teacher, who is one of the most successful teachers of the county. After the entertainment the young folks were treated to a very enjoyable box supper, given in the interest of the church and superintended by Rev. J. W. Doane and wife. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves and be well pleased with both the entertainment and supper.

You can buy of N. L. Ware an elegant folding-bed, wardrobe shape, with large French plate mirror. It is quarter-sawed white oak of latest style and finish. It not only saves much space in a room, but it also saves much labor and annoyance for the housekeeper. If you prefer, you can buy a complete set to match this bed, consisting of dresser with very large French plate mirror, a hand carved center table, washstand, leather bottomed rockers etc., etc.

Don't be surprised if you see Taylor Johnson's name in these types soon. He said he was going to kill hogs soon, and answering the question, "Could you afford to bring the editor a nice spareribs and get your name in the paper?" he replied, "I must." The size of the type will indicate the size of the rib—if a big one his name will be in CAPITALS! N. B—We can set anybody's name in same style. Your's would look well!

On Saturday night and Sunday morning Wm. H. Cord will preach at Ezel. The subjects for sermons there will be, on Saturday night, "The Keys of the Kingdom;" on Sunday morning, "Possessions." On Sunday night he will preach at the Christian church here. His topics will be "Effects of a Changed Heart," which will close the series of sermons on "The Heart."

On the afternoon of the second Sunday at 2 o'clock Wm. H. Cord will preach at Daysboro. The topic for discussion will be "The Lord's Supper." All the members of the church there are especially invited to be present. The officers of the church will prepare the emblems and the Lord's Supper will be observed.

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

Miss Ivy Sallie DeMoss, of Newport, Ky., has been engaged as teacher of music at the academy. She will begin her work at the beginning of the term, January 2nd. Miss DeMoss is a teacher tried and true; all lovers of music should avail themselves of this opportunity to take either instrumental or vocal music.

Suffered 20 Years.



MRS. MARY LEWIS, wife of a prominent farmer, and well known by all old residents near Belmont, N. Y., writes: "For twenty-seven years I had been a constant sufferer from nervous prostration, and paid large sums of money for doctors and advertised remedies without benefit. Three years ago my condition was alarming; the least noise would startle and unnerve me. I was unable to sleep, had a number of sinking spells and slowly grew worse. I began using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and Nerve and Liver Pills. At first the medicine seemed to have no effect, but after taking a few bottles I began to notice a change. I rested better at night, my appetite began to improve and I rapidly grew better, until now I am as nearly restored to health as one of my age may expect. God bless Dr. Miles' Nervine."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,



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FALL 1898.

Everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden.
Fruits and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Small Fruits, Rhubarb, Asparagus, and all stock grown in Nurseries.
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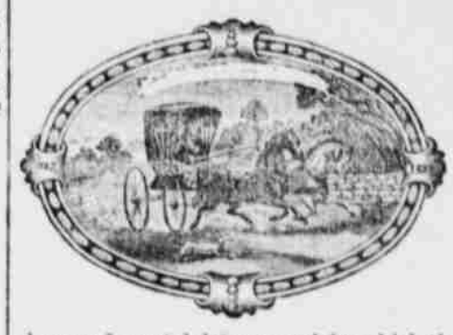
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COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KY. UNIVERSITY
Awarded Medal at World's Exposition.
Refers to thousands of graduates in positions. Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Books and Board in family, about $60. Shorthand, Type-Writing, and Telegraphy, Specialties. The Kentucky University Diploma, under seal, awarded graduates. Literary Course free, if desired. No vacation. Enter now. Graduates successful. In order to have your letters reach us, address only, GENERAL WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.
Note.—Kentucky University resources, $300,000, and had nearly 1000 students in attendance last year.

TRAINING AND FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

LIVERY STABLES.



Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired:

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

J. TAYLOR DAY.



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The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs. Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. Write for free pamphlet. We give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.



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No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

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REPRESENTS NONE BUT THE OLD AND RELIABLE COMPANIES. You cannot afford to insure without seeing him. Issues the most liberal dwelling house policy in existence. He will furnish any who contemplates building a dwelling to cost from $500 to $2,500 with plans and specifications free.

Post No Bills on this wall.

MRS. S. B. KASH,
Fashionable Milliner,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.
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HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 30 cents per 100.

The Monetary Problem.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.

There Must Be a Change in Our Financial Affairs and Silver Restored to Its Rightful Place.

Cotton is quoted at 4⅞ cents per pound and wheat at 60 cents per bushel.

It was the promise of the republican party that if it was given power so that the money question might be decided in favor of the gold standard, all uncertainty would pass away, confidence would be renewed and prosperity would come swooping along as a natural result. Advantageous circumstances arose, following the success of Mr. McKinley, to lend some plausibility to this claim. With western wheat selling at one dollar a bushel, followed but a few months later by a foreign war, the certainty was felt that the people would forget the hard times and that the agencies of revival would go to work at once.

The months of summer have passed away, the war has become a matter of history, and we are now garnering the second crop after the advent of Mr. McKinley into power. The result is that western wheat, which had been so largely boomed owing to a wheat corner and Providential causes, has gone back to its normal profitless price, and that cotton has fallen to low-water mark, thus threatening, not only the southern planter, but the western wheat grower with an indiscriminate ruin in which there seems to be nothing ahead for the agricultural class but a condition of serfdom as hopeless as that which prevailed in Russia but without the guardianship which even the Russian system threw around its unhappy agriculturists.

The farmers of the entire wheat era are now holding meetings pledging themselves to hold their grain back, and thus attempt to raise the price to something like profit. The movement has assumed such large proportions that the metropolitan press is forced to give it attention, which they denied its twin movement in the south when cotton was the subject of consideration. It is held by the farmers of the west that it costs fully 60 cents a bushel to raise their wheat. Yet the highest price which wheat has reached in the Minneapolis market has been 63 cents. The average price obtained by the farmers throughout the wheat-growing area has been even less than 60 cents, so that these growers who were so prosperous under the spur of Russian famine two years ago are now parting with their products for less than cost.

Altogether these two agrarian movements mean much more than appears upon their face. They mean that the agricultural distress belongs to no section, and that there must be some common underlying cause for the destitution which has come upon the producing classes. It means that these producing classes are arrayed against the exactions of the single gold standard—not from hostility to the legitimate functions of capital, but in protest against the pernicious legislation which has elevated the one at the expense of the other.

Let it not be assumed in the face of these facts that the present decline of populism throughout this country means any decline in the earnestness of the people for redress. It was in their very desperation that they broke away from the old parties several years ago and struck out wildly on new lines for redress which could not come to them in such spasmodic efforts. That movement has recoiled, and hereafter the toiling millions will recognize the democratic party as the only agency through which they can obtain their wishes. That party which had been the champion of the people's rights ever since the formation of this government will continue to represent those rights and to fight the cause of the oppressed against the oppressors. The masses are stirred up as they have never been stirred before. In the middle of the McKinley administration, from west and south, comes the cry of nonproductive labor. It will not do to turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of the men in whose strong arms the greatness of our country rests.

There must be a change; that change must be a reform of our financial system, the reestablishment of silver to its constitutional function. This alone can bring about the good prices for which the southern planter and the western wheat growers are now agitating.

This is the fight of the future, and it is just as well to look it in the face! —Atlanta Constitution.

The Equity of the Thing.

Equity demands that debts should be cut in half as often as the purchasing power of money is doubled, when the increase in the value of the money is caused by the source of money supply being cut off by law.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

A Fair Question.

What will it profit a nation to establish a gold standard and render the mass of its people homeless, dependent and miserable?

THE WAY IT WORKS.

How England Holds On to Her Gold—Sells Securities Instead of Shipping Bullion.

England is holding to her gold with great tenacity. Through the Bank of England she is vigorously fighting to prevent any great flow of gold to the United States. And so far her fighting has been crowned with what must be to many people on this side of the water much unexpected success. In fighting to hold gold the Bank of England reduced its loans by $48,000,000 during the eight weeks ended September 24 and raised the bank rate of discount. It also went into the London money market with consols or British government bonds for collateral and borrowed money. Thus it stiffened money rates and forced a contraction of loans to other people. All this contraction, of course, had the result of obliging men to sell goods and securities that had been pledged as securities for the loans called. This meant a pressing down of prices, and in a general way a check to merchandise imports and stimulus to exports. And thus the drain of gold was checked in a slight degree.

But the radical check, the check looked for to bring success, is over the calling of loans on American securities and the forced sale of such securities upon the American market. Such sale of staples makes exchange—that is, creates a credit in New York against which drafts may be drawn and forwarded in place of gold, a draft by letter taking the place of a keg of gold. In this way has the Bank of England been fighting to keep up gold. But of late weeks the New York banks, with their reserves depleted and in much need of gold to replenish them, have been fighting not to keep gold, but to bring gold from Europe. Thus did the New York banks contract their loans by $30,000,000 during the same eight weeks that the Bank of England contracted its by $48,000,000. The result of the contraction of loans in New York was to take away the sustaining power behind many securities. Of course prices were pressed down, and those who owned the securities or the products lost money. Yet what cared the gold gang for this? But pressed down as these securities were, the Bank of England forced British holders of such securities to part with their gold. And the pressing of British holdings on our markets caused a still further pressing down of prices. It necessitated the making of great sacrifices by British investors, but those sacrifices they were compelled to make, and thereby England saved her gold. This fighting for gold is ruining business, entailing losses and stopping the wheels of industry all over the world. How long will the masses of the people permit themselves and their interests to be sacrificed to the single gold standard moloch?

That which surprises most people, however, is that England can always fall back upon a sale of foreign securities at a pinch and export mail bags of securities rather than kegs of gold. This is explained by an exchange as follows:

"England is the great creditor nation of the world, to the extent of about $750,000,000 a year, which represents a principal of somewhere between $15,000,000,000 and $20,000,000,000 due her creditor classes by the debtor countries of the world. Last year, for example, the imports into the United Kingdom were valued at £391,405,006, her exports £234,350,003, an adverse trade balance of £157,000,000, or about $785,000,000. But though she thus bought £157,000,000 of merchandise more than she sold, her imports and exports of gold balanced within £287. The greater part of this seeming adverse trade balance of £157,000,000 was balanced off by the interest accruing on loans made abroad and the sums earned by British ships.

"The adverse trade balance for this year promises to be greater. During the first seven months of the present year the United Kingdom exported £132,598,057 worth of merchandise, imported £234,787,949, an adverse balance of £102,000,500, $500,000,000 for seven months. And yet England gained six millions of gold during this period by the exercise of ways we have noted."

The whole world is made to pay tribute to the gold power of the shylocks of England. Is it not high time that the United States, at least, were making another declaration of independence?—Illinois State Register.

Price.

Price is an expression of the relation existing between money and other things. The relation that a dollar bears to other things is determined by the number of dollars in existence. The purchasing power of ten dollars is ten times that of one dollar, and vice versa. Dollars are counters. The power of each is equal to that of every other, hence the power of a single one to exchange for other things depends upon the entire number in existence.

CONFRONTED BY DEFEAT.

The Republicans Have a Poor Outlook for Success in the Fall Elections.

Advices from the national capital are in effect that, viewed from Washington, the political outlook is not promising for the republican party. Democratic success at the fall elections, it is said, will not come as a surprise to the republican campaign managers there. The latter, while wearing a forced air of calmness and confidence, are convinced that the congressional elections will show a democratic victory. There is no dodging the fact, say the Washington advices, that the war department methods have proved a burden. The republican managers profess to fear that the stay-at-home vote will cost the party many districts, but general popular disgust will manifest itself in both the vote that is cast and the vote that is not cast.

There is no reason to doubt that the result of the forthcoming elections will be found to be a sweeping repudiation of the republican party and its policies and acts in state and nation. It is hard to understand how it could be otherwise in the light of recent records. The administration's absolute surrender to partisan political interests in war—to the lasting and often fatal injury of the soldiers, to the provocation of the people and to the nation's disgrace—must necessarily invite public condemnation. The one burning issue, whose influence is felt in all electoral fields, is the issue of the camps, depopulated by disease and starvation, brought on by incompetency and neglect. This is the national issue that forces itself into every contest and which will affect every result.

There is no earthly reason why the republican managers should not be dismayed in contemplation of the outlook, for the prospect as it spreads out before the intelligent public gaze discloses the utter rout of a party that deserves to be routed. Republican government is offensive to every man who is not a hide-bound devotee at the shrine of the g. o. p.—Binghamton Leader.

WAGES JUGGLED.

Manipulators of Figures Employed by Goldbugs to Fool the People.

Attempts have lately been made by men holding positions under the federal administration and by men who have been hired to work for a gold standard to show that wages have not fallen. This is simply a dishonest juggling with figures. Every mechanic and laboring man in the United States knows that it is not true, and thorough investigation by congress shows that just the opposite is the case. In 1891 a committee of the United States senate made a thorough investigation of the entire subject of wages. John G. Carlisle was a member of this committee. It made an exhaustive report, and showed that from 1840 to 1873 wages had nearly doubled, but, in the language of the committee, "after 1873 there was a marked falling off." The committee then shows that while there was a slight rise about 1880 in wages, it never reached the point occupied before, and that afterwards there was a continuous decline. One method of juggling with figures which is sometimes resorted to is the following: The salaries of higher officials of a corporation, which as a rule have not been reduced, are added to the sum paid the workmen; in this way they get a high average. For example, take a corporation which formerly employed 100 men and gave each on an average $600 a year, making $60,000 for 100; at the same time it paid one high official $10,000 a year; by adding this to the $60,000 would make the pay roll $70,000, then dividing this sum by 101, being the number of employes, including the high official, it makes nearly $700 as the average. The same corporation may to-day employ only 50 men and give each on an average only $500 making $25,000; it pays the present high official $10,000, which, added to the $25,000, makes the present pay roll $35,000; dividing that sum by 51 makes nearly $700 as the average, although formerly twice as many men were employed as now and each man got one-fifth more than he gets now. This illustrates the adage that while figures don't lie, liars can figure.

Let the People Answer.

I saw a statement in a gold standard newspaper recently to the effect that we are now prosperous, had about everything we needed and ought to thank the Lord that we are as well off as we are. Now, I have no argument to make in answer to such wild statements as that. I simply leave it for every laborer, for every manufacturer, for every business, yea, for every railroad man and every banker to answer. We have unlimited resources, have the most productive country in the world, we have every kind and character of industry, and the ingenuity, enterprise push and intelligence of our people are unsurpassed anywhere; therefore we should be prosperous and happy.—John P. Altgeld.

——Gov. Tanner, of Illinois, continues to shed disgrace on his high office.—Boston Herald.

MRS. PINKHAM TALKS ABOUT OVARITIS.

Letter from Mrs. Carrie F. Tremper that all Suffering Women Should Read.

Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries may result from sudden stopping of the monthly flow, from inflammation of the womb, and many other causes. The slightest indication of trouble with the ovaries should claim your instant attention. It will not cure itself, and a hospital operation with all its terrors may easily result from neglect.



The fullest counsel on this subject can be secured without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and asking for her advice. Your letter will be confidential and seen by women only.

MRS. CARRIE F. TREMPER, Lake, Ind., whose letter we print, is only one of many that have been cured of ovarian troubles by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was suffering from congestion of the ovaries, misplacement of the womb, irregular, scanty, and painful menstruation, also kidney trouble. I had let it go on until I could not sit up, and could not straighten my left leg. My physician gave me relief, but failed to cure me. Reading the testimonials of different women, telling what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for them, I decided to give it a trial. I had almost given up hopes, as I had suffered untold agony. The first dose helped me. And now, after using eight bottles of Vegetable Compound, one bottle of Blood Purifier, one box of Liver Pills, I am proud to say I am as well as I ever was. I might have saved a large doctor's bill and much suffering, had I tried your precious medicine in the beginning of my sickness. All in the village know I was not expected to live, when I had the first and second attacks. In fact, I had no hope until I began taking your Vegetable Compound. It has saved my life."

A Million Women Have Been Benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine



"No use for a duster — there 's no dust on **BattleAx PLUG** It sells too fast"!

Every dealer who has handled Battle Ax knows this to be a fact. There is no old stock of Battle Ax anywhere:—nothing but fresh goods, as Battle Ax sells five times more than any other brand in the world. All who chew it never change.

Remember the name when you buy again.

"GOOD WIVES GROW FAIR IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR WORKS," ESPECIALLY IF THEY USE

SAPOLIO

Use Our Well Drills



And make no failures. Write what you need.
LOOMIS & CO. TIFFIN, OHIO.

Stock Speculators

I have valuable information of a profitable deal now under way. Write for particulars. E. P. J., P. O. Box 2497, New York.

PILES PROMPTLY RELIEVED PERMANENTLY CURED by our neat, clean remedy. Trial pkg., enough to cure some cases, by mail 25c. in stamps. Double pkg. sent to first applicant sending that amount and mentioning this paper. Rexol Mfg. Co., Dunn Bldg., Sta. C, Chicago, Ill.

I PRINT MUSIC!
Of All Kinds. WM. F. EMERSON, 124 Government Place, Cincinnati, O.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

THE GOLD STANDARD.

How It Has Been Encouraged and Fostered by the Officeholders and Money Lenders.

There was no agitation in favor of adopting a single standard until about the beginning of this century, when a number of writers discussed it. In 1802 Citizen Herenger, who had been deputized by the French government to make a report on this question, reported in favor of a single silver standard. Not gold, but silver. Berenger was one of the ablest men that have written upon this question, and it is noticeable that he advanced in 1802 practically all of the arguments in favor of a silver standard that have since been advanced in favor of a gold standard. Like the single standard men of to-day, he took the ridiculous position of fiercely contending that the government could not increase or decrease the purchasing power of a metal; that the whole matter was regulated by commerce; and yet, instead of leaving it to commerce, he labored for years, in season and out of season, to get the government to adopt one metal and strike down the other by law. In 1816 Lord Liverpool succeeded in getting the English government to adopt the gold standard by law, and his principal argument in favor of it was that other nations of the world were using silver almost exclusively, and if England adopted gold and coined it in denominations that were not in use in other countries her money would be less liable to be drawn from the island, and that when it was drawn from the island it would have a constant tendency to return. The idea of getting an advantage over other countries by the use of gold was not then thought of. This advantage rose later, out of the fact that England, having become the great commercial and ship-owning nation of the world, and London the great financial center, her people got the benefit of the exchanges and in time got the benefit of all those advantages which are reaped by men who handle large sums of money and are in a situation to compel others to come and deal with them. There were a number of minor steps taken by some of the governments, which need not be noticed in this brief survey, but the advocates of a single standard increased in number, and were finally divided into three classes: One class that wanted uniformity of coinage, in order to escape confusion which resulted from a great variety of coins issued by different small principalities. This class did not believe that there was enough of either metal in the world to do the world's business, and favored the theory of having some countries adopt gold and other countries adopt silver. Another class was made up chiefly of professors, who advanced various theories which they wanted to have put into practice. The third and more powerful branch consisted of the great creditor classes, who wanted to make money dear, and of nearly all the official classes who hold office for life and draw salaries from the government. The charter of the Bank of England being about to expire, was renewed by parliament in 1844, and in the act renewing the charter parliament provided that the bank must buy up all gold of lawful standard that should thereafter be offered at £3 17s. 9d. per ounce of standard gold. In other words, it fixed the minimum price for gold by law and furnished the world a purchaser for it. Had it provided by law that the bank must buy every pound of wool thereafter offered at 30 cents per pound, it is evident that 30 cents per pound would have formed a minimum price for wool after that date, especially if it were limited in quantity, and this would have been due not to business or commerce, but to the arbitrary act of government. About the time of the great discoveries of gold in California and Australia, the creditor and office-holding class, fearing higher prices, started an agitation in favor of the demonetization of gold; and Holland, as well as some of the smaller German states, actually demonetized gold for a time. Soon after 1850, when it became evident that the new gold fields were not going to deluge the world, the agitation in favor of demonetizing gold ceased, and then became active in favor of demonetizing silver. International monetary conferences were held at different times, at which the idea of establishing a single gold standard was strongly pressed, although the folly and danger of it were pointed out by some of the ablest statesmen and financiers of the world; but the influence of the office-holding and money-lending classes was sufficiently potent to quietly carry it out, and finally they induced the American congress to take the initiative.—John P. Altgeld.

——Duties make a difference in prices, but not in competition, whether there is a tariff or not. The simple fact is that protection has at last run its course and must be abandoned even in this country. The highest protection ever accorded to home manufactures has proved a loss of revenue and hampered production to the utmost limit, and manufacturers are beginning to see that if their product is to be sold abroad at all they must be relieved of the burden of protection. The same is true of our commercial marine.—Milwaukee Journal.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Principles Which Are Opposed to Class Legislation and Combinations of Capital.

The democratic party is the party of the "common people," as Abraham Lincoln would put it. The trusts, the monopolies, the capital combinations, the money syndicates, the great banking institutions and the protected industries do not belong to the democratic party. Their existence depends upon class legislation and government favoritism. As they understand the philosophy of existence, the common people are upon the earth to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for them, hence they could have no sympathy with any political system that demanded an equitable division of the joint product of capital and labor. The principles of the democracy are diametrically opposed to the doctrine of caste based upon wealth filched from the bone and sinew of the real producers of wealth—the common people. The democratic party does not recognize the right of the government to make favorites of any class of citizens, and legislate opportunities for them to build up individual fortunes at the expense of the common people, and very naturally the trusts and other forms of favored capital combinations would not take kindly to it.

But not all the common people appreciate the importance of standing together under the banner of democracy. Some of them fail to see how they are being drawn into the net of the favored few. Spasmodic "good times" are not helps to better conditions of existence. A system of division of the joint earnings of labor and capital, which gives labor the shell and capital the kernel, is wrong in principle and injurious in practice to labor. Some of the common people fail to see that they are being transformed more and more into mere machines—not labor-saving, but money-saving, machines for the trusts and monopolies. Not all the common people realize that the policy of the republican party is to gradually circumscribe their opportunity to employ their brawn and skill until they are firmly and securely bound to the contract labor system. Not all the common people see that they are paying from 25 per cent. to 200 per cent. more for articles of consumption than is just or fair, that our industries may undersell competitors in markets of Europe and Asia. Not all the common people see that the political control of the country is destined to pass to the trusts and money powers if they do not array themselves in political hostility to the party that is doing these things.

It is surprising that there should be a single one of the common people who does not see how surely and certainly the leaders of the republican party are circumventing the rights and privileges of wage-earners. There is an object lesson in the effort of the coal barons of Virden, Ill., to force down the wages of white labor by importing degraded negroes, which the common people might study with profit to themselves. But they have had hundreds of such lessons in the past, and they should have profited by them before this. More and more is the policy of the republican party transforming the common people into mere machines to grind out wealth for the caste set which that party is establishing in America. But if the common people like that sort of thing; if they have lost their manhood and independence of thought and character, they belong to the rank and file of the party that is using them as tools in building up imperialism in America.—Kansas City Times.

The Money Question.

The money question remains the real issue, now and forever, or until it is rightly settled. It is not "sixteen to one or bust," but it is sixteen to one and victory! It is the battle of the plain people, the workers, the thinkers, the men who fight the battles and pay the taxes, against organized greed and consolidated privilege. The gold standard must go! The people have said it, and they mean it; and in this land of democracy the voice of the people is the will of God. We have set free the serfs of the Spanish colonies—now let us push the fighting and free our own people from the serfdom of goldbugism and Markhannaism. The Chicago platform is our shibboleth. It is the new declaration of independence, and upon this solid rock of justice and right, the plain people of America plant their standard and will fight to the finish—and may the God of truth be with us!—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

——If we were to believe all the testimony before the commission of inquiry regarding the excellence of the arrangements made for the comfort of the soldiers in the field and in the camps, we should have to turn round and hold mass meetings to sing the praises of Secretary Alger and denounce the thousands of soldiers who persisted in dying from disease and starvation as ungrateful mischief makers.—Providence Journal.

——The president has discovered that "what we want is new markets." Then what's the matter with less protection and freer trade?—Louisville Times.

COIN CURRENCY.

Bankruptcy and Industrial Paralysis Have Followed a Single Gold Standard.

For some years during and after the war we were on a paper basis, and for awhile a paper dollar was not worth over 40 cents in gold, but our people prospered as they had never prospered before. There were no strikes and no tramps; labor was employed and was content. There were enterprise, thrift and industry everywhere. Then we contracted our currency, and paid the awful price of six years of panic, with all the misery and ruin which it spread over the land, in order to get on a coin or specie oasis, as it was then called. Now look at the price our country with the rest of the world is paying for this gold standard. Bankruptcy, paralysis, ruin, endless suffering and misery for all these years, and we are getting absolutely nothing in return for it. Debts have been practically doubled by law; that is a condition that was created by law which so affects prices that it forces the debtor to sell twice as much property as was formerly needed to pay off his debt. All the great European countries are even worse off than we are. A year ago Mr. Depew returned from a general tour of Europe, and in an interview stated that the one thing which struck him everywhere was the almost universal paralysis in the industries and in trade, and the misery which goes with it. In making this statement he simply verified what other travelers, as well as the European writers, have already proclaimed to the world. No man has pointed out or can point out wherein the people of the world have derived one dollar's worth of benefit by the adoption of the single gold standard. This fearful payment of the lifeblood of the nations of the earth has gone practically for nothing, and there is no hope or prospect of restoring the prosperity and happiness of our people until this great wrong is in some manner righted.

VIEWS OF A STATESMAN.

Mischief of the Gold Standard Foretold by an Old-Time Member of the Senate.

The mischief would be great indeed if all the world were to adopt but one of the precious metals as the standard of value. To adopt gold alone would diminish the specie currency more than one-half, and the reduction the other way, should silver be taken as the only standard, would be large enough to prove highly disastrous to the human race. Indeed, a reference to the history of the precious metals and the general course of human production can scarcely fail to convince us that there has been a constant tendency to appreciate their value, as compared with the residue of the property of the world, and that every extraordinary increase of the supply of the precious metals of which we have any account has exercised a highly beneficial effect upon human affairs. When contracts are made by a standard which is constantly contracting the advantages are on the side of capital as against labor, and productive energy is cramped by receiving less than a fair share of the profits of the enterprise. Before the invention of substitutes for payment in coin and before the increased supply of specie from the discovery of America human history is full of the strifes between debtor and creditor; and human legislation is rife with experiments to limit the encroaching and engrossing power of capital. The most ancient legislation of which we have authentic account extinguished all debts every seventh year. Interest was not often received, yet the fact was felt that capital received profit enough for its use in the appreciation of the value of the standard.—R. M. T. Hunter, in the United States Senate, March 8, 1852.

——A new assessment has been levied by Mark Hanna upon the protected industries in order to raise the necessary funds with which to subdue the rebellious people in the approaching congressional elections. There is scarcely one American manufactured article for which the American people have not to pay from 20 to 200 per cent more than that identical article is sold for in foreign countries. Europe, Asia and Africa pay for American goods that much less than our own people and the difference goes to swell the profits of our protected classes whenever these goods are sold in the home market. There will be no trouble under such circumstances in raising a great corruption fund, as the manufacturers are not only grateful for past favors but hopeful of favors yet to come.—Denver Post.

——Republican orators have settled down to the work of defending the administration. It is not so much a campaign of apology for the corruption and favoritism of the administration as it is one of justification, but which needs an immense amount of explaining and defending. This means that the policy of the administration is not to be changed in any way, but the people are to be made to believe that the administration knows better than they what is good for the country.—Kansas City Times.

Wheat $2 a Bushel.

Some farmers are holding their wheat because they think the price will go to $2 a bushel. The price, however, may go down instead of up, and thus great losses will follow delay in selling. In all matters delays are dangerous, particularly so in sickness. At the first sign of biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion or constipation cure yourself with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't wait for your condition to improve itself, for it is apt to get worse still.

One on the Judge.

In a case of slander that was heard not long ago a lady had gone into the witness box on behalf of the plaintiff, whose counsel was examining her.

"Now, madam," the lawyer began, "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion, just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic answer.

"Then," said the examiner, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Then She Sat Down.

"In Hawaii," said the man who was occupying the greater part of two seats, "the women have hogs for pets."

"In the United States," said the woman who was hanging on to a strap, apparently speaking to the woman next to her, "the women often marry hogs."

Immediately thereafter three men got up and made believe that they really preferred to stand.—Chicago Post.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

He Knew Him.

Again it was the terrible small brother doing the entertaining until his sister could put in an appearance.

"I guess you don't know me," said the caller, with a commendable desire to be pleasant.

"Oh, yes, I do. When I saw you through the winder I heard sister say 'there comes that everlastin' Simpkins again!' "—Detroit Free Press.

The Value of Experience.

"With what a gracefully sweeping motion she handles a fan." "Yes; she used to keep the flies off the table in her father's Omaha lunchroom."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Swift.

"The fight was all over in a minute," said the witness. "Why, it was all done as quick as a ole married man kissin' his wife good-by."—Indianapolis Journal.

Advice Quickly Taken.

Physician—You are living too high.

Patient—That's so; I've got to get a cheaper doctor.—N. Y. Vim.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Enough for a Row.—"Pa, what are the dogs of war?" "Well, your mother's fine poodle and that mongrel pup next door."—Detroit Free Press.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—Ralph Erieg, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

The approval of your conscience is an excellent thing, but it is not sufficient to get you a raise of salary.—Puck.

A mixed pain has bruise and sprain. St. Jacobs Oil cures the twain.

Women's shoes are naturally tight when they are full.—Chicago Daily News.

Ever thus—heirs to aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil's the doctor.

The meaner a man is the harder he tries to lower his record.—Chicago Daily News.

Damp weather brings Rheumatism. St. Jacob's Oil brings the cure, promptly.

Show us a man willing to begin at the bottom, and we will show you a man who will some day get to the top.—Atchison Globe.

This town is not so bad off; a man who advertised for a wife recently got only three replies.—Atchison Globe.

A Scrap of Paper.—She was pale, but calm; it being foreign to her noble nature to strive for unusual effects. "You have deceived me!" she shrieked. "Look! I found it in your pocket. It tells me all!" A scrap of paper! Was it a letter, revealing his fatal passion? Or a receipt showing that he had paid his taxes, and was not, therefore, the enormously wealthy person he professed to be?—Detroit Journal.

City Editor—"In your report of the Smith-Jones wedding you haven't mentioned the beauty of the bride."—Reporter—"I know it. She was one of the plainest women I ever saw." City Editor (testily)—"What difference does that make?"—Town Topics.

Not the Same Thing.—"It is said that the queen of Holland is devoted to dramatic art and takes the deepest interest in amateur acting." "Oh, there must be some mistake. She can hardly do both."—Chicago Evening Post.

Mrs. Youngwon—"George, you know that $20 you gave me to buy a hat?" Mr. Youngwon—"Yes, dear." Mrs. Youngwon—"Well, I've saved the money." Mr. Youngwon—"How? I see you're wearing a new hat.' Mrs. Youngwon—"In order to be economical, George, I kept the $20 for pin-money, and had the hat charged."—Roxbury Gazette.

Mrs. Bargain—"What are you worrying about this morning?" Bargain—"I need some new clothes and a bicycle, and I can't make up my mind whether to get the clothes at a store where they give away bicycles, or to buy the bicycle at a shop where they give away clothes."—Bicycling World.

Bill—"What a funny noise that counterfeit dollar makes, doesn't it?" Jill—"Yes; it's 'queer.' "—Yonkers Statesman.

BILIOUSNESS

Do you get up with a headache?
Is there a bad taste in your mouth?
Then you have a poor appetite and a weak digestion. You are frequently dizzy, always feel dull and drowsy. You have cold hands and feet. You get but little benefit from your food. You have no ambition to work and the sharp pains of neuralgia dart through your body.
What is the cause of all this trouble?
Constipated bowels.

Ayer's PILLS

will give you prompt relief and certain cure.

Keep Your Blood Pure.

If you have neglected your case a long time, you had better take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

also. It will remove all impurities that have been accumulating in your blood and will greatly strengthen your nerves.

Write the Doctor.

There may be something about your case you do not quite understand. Write the doctor freely; tell him how you are suffering. You will promptly receive the best medical advice. Address,
Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

You'd rather have an Estey Organ of course, but you only have so much money. How much? Write and tell us.

Estey Organ Co.,
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"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
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Ring out the false Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S

Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a *Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure* for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the microbe-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS
Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET
Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 68 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grip as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, Paducah, Ky.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

(☞To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.)

TOLIVER TOPICS.

Born, to the wife of Wm. Clark, Jr., a girl.

Hon. W. O. Mize was in Toliver last week on business.

John L. Thomas was in Toliver one day last week on business.

Joe Pieratt has returned from the blue grass, where he had been on business.

Amos Lawson and Frank Williams have moved to their farms on the Brushy fork of Beaver.

George Lawson, of Wellington, has been visiting relatives and friends in this part the past week.

Berry Robinson and sister, Mrs. J. H. Wilson, of Sharpsburg, have been visiting in Toliver the past week.

Doc Murphy bought a farm of Joe Pieratt for $1650. Joe thinks of moving to the bluegrass in the spring.

Henry Stamper bought a piece of land of Howard Mannin for $265. Howard contemplates going to Beaver.

Uncle Jack Sweeney and daughter Miss Frances, left Thursday morning for Lexington, where they will visit relatives and friends.

Dr. Templeton preached to a well behaved congregation at Sanfield school house last Sunday. Bro. Templeton is a good talker, and is well versed in the scriptures.

Nov. 28. SHINER.

SPRADLING SPANGLES.

Grant Spradling is erecting a dwelling house.

Thos. K. Tutt, Sr., went to Campton one day last week.

Dr. H. H. Stamper was in our midst last week on business.

Widow Shackelford is visiting her son, S. S. Shackelford, this week.

James M. Brown went to Hazel Green on business one day last week.

John Will Cox had a cow to die one night last week; cause unknown.

High water damaged the dam of the Spradling tunnel mill considerably.

William Perry last week killed a hawk that measured four feet from tip to tip of wings.

Doc Hays returned Saturday from Breathitt county, where he had been visiting relatives and friends.

Rev. J. W. Doane will leave Tuesday for Cincinnati, where he will visit relatives and friends for two weeks.

James Gosney last week sold to Charley Day, of Maytown, a bird dog for a razor and some other chattels, etc.

Thomas M. Tutt has contracted with a Michigan Co. to build 12 or 14 miles of tram road on Parch Corn, and will hire hands in this section.

C. H. Gosney and S. S. Shackleford have taken a logging contract in the Calaboose country and Charley thinks it would be advisable if his friend John H. Rose would quit blacksmithing and come and help him log, if he ever expects to get rich.

Martin Peck will move to Lincoln county in a short time. He has already disposed of nearly all his household and kitchen furniture, etc.

Rev. Charley McQuinn, of the Calaboose, preached at Maytown Sunday, and en route informed me that his son Daniel would come home Christmas from Berea, and return for the winter term.

There was a box supper given at the Bethel church on Thanksgiving evening, the money to be used for church repairs. The young ladies brought in 18 boxes, which were at once purchased by the young men and boys, and then the fun began, as no one knew whose box he had until they called the name and number, and some refused to eat with those who had bought their boxes. But that was soon settled by exchanging boxes. All seemed to enjoy the social very much and no one more so than Ova Swango, as he got to eat with a Crane. Hazel Green, Maytown, Toliver and Calaboose were well represented, and I think the young men would be glad if thanksgiving came twice a year, if the fair sex around Bethel would have a box supper. There was also an entertainment given by the school at this place at the church on the night of the supper, with the following

PROGRAM.

Grandpa's Spectacles.....Miss Leo Tutt.
Thanksgiving.....Pearlie Gosney.
Life's Music.....Grace Tutt.
Never Borrow Trouble.....Nannie Brown.
Two Little Eyes.....Inez Gosney.
(Music by Mrs. Doane.)
Small Hands.....Belle Clemens.
Thanksgiving.....Edna Shackelford.
A Mother's Prayer.....Clara Brown.
The Girl for Me.....Joseph Hounshell.
Two Days I Like Best.....Sarah Creech.
Idee Joe.....Sullivan Gosney.
The Lost Chord.....Leo Tutt.
Try to Make Your Homes Beautiful.....
Miss Dora Crane.

Those who took part in the exercises acquitted themselves with credit and deserve much praise for their nice behavior during the exercises.

Nov. 28. SIFTER BOTTOMS.

CAMPTON CURRENCY.

Frank Thomas has just returned from a business trip to West Liberty.

Jailer I. W. Combs and T. F. Stamper took Stephen Brown to the asylum at Lexington Friday.

S. S. Pinney, of Mt. Sterling, and Henry Combs, of Frenchburg, were registered at the Combs House Friday night.

There was thanksgiving service at the Methodist church Thursday night, and Prof. Bishop gave an interesting lecture.

Joe F. Williams and C. B. Lykins, of Co. C, 4th Kentucky infantry, now in camp at Anniston, Ala., write me that they are well and getting along all right. I hope the boys will soon be mustered out and never more be caught with the same bait.

Millard F. Horton will get the place of Deputy Collector S. M. Tutt on Dec. 1st, Mr. Tutt having sent in his resignation. Mr. Tutt has made a good deputy collector, but as he resigned, we are proud to see Mr. Horton honored with the position, as he has worked hard for his party from his youth up. Mr. Yerkes, collector of the 8th district, is to be congratulated on his wisdom in appointing Mr. Horton.

John B. Chenault, of Madison county, is a candidate for auditor of Kentucky, and I desire to say that he should receive the instructions of every county in the Tenth congressional district. He is a Democrat, and was never known to falter when the interests of his party were at stake. When the enemy's fiery darts painted hell on the skies, he worked manfully for his party, and it was through his efforts that the Hon. D. G. Gilbert, of Shelby county, defeated Hon. Geo. M. Davidson, the Republican candidate, for re-election to congress. He has always been the poor man's friend, and the wind-harps of the forest will ever sing his praise. He has filled many hungry mouths and clothed many naked backs. Go into the county of Madison and mention the name of John B. Chenault and every true and grateful heart will leap for joy. When I walk out at night and look upward toward the unobscured sky, every star that wanders through illimitable ether seems to shout his praise. Every rippling rivulet and every glistening sunbeam says vote for John B. Chenault, and Almighty God, sitting upon his majestic throne on high says unless ye vote for John B. Chenault, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.

Nov. 26. SUPPLE JACK.

GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

The first snow today. According to the old adage there will be 14 snows this winter.

Married, on the 10th inst., Henry Chaney to Miss Minnie Nickell. May they live long and prosper.

A. R. Graham's family is moving back from Jackaon, whence they went last summer, to their old home on Gillmore creek.

James H. Calhoun passed through here enroute home from Frenchburg, where he had been attending a land suit between himself and the heirs of Richard Combs, in which he was successful.

Wm. J. Graham and wife are moving back to their old home on Holly creek, and Bro. Graham requested ye scribe to say to the editor of THE HERALD to please change his paper from Gillmore to Lane.

We are informed that Rev. William Chambers, of Stillwater, will today lead to the altar Miss Rosa Little, the only remaining daughter of E. B. Little and wife. May their union be one of peace and happiness. We hope nothing less.

Nov. 26. UNCLE REMUS.

MORGAN COUNTY.

CONSOLATION CHAT.

Uncle John McQuinn is visiting in this neighborhood.

D. S. Godsey was caught in the storm at this place Saturday.

John Taulbee, of Stillwater, was visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity last week.

O. W. Cecil has had his dwelling house repainted, which adds much to the looks of the house.

Elder Adams will begin a singing school at Consolation as soon as the free school is out.

Mrs. W. H. Blankenship, who has been confined to her room with la grippe, is able to be out again.

F. M. Long will move his saw and grist mill from the Nickell fork to the farm of Thomas Lee next week.

The little boys of the late Widow Coldiron were out rabbit hunting last week and a wild cat cut their dog's throat in a rockhouse.

E. F. Cecil got so cold in that snow storm Saturday that he couldn't speak, and when he got warm he said it was only a spell of the quandaries he had.

J. S. Nickell, whose illness has been mentioned several times in your paper, died Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and the funeral services were held Sunday by Revs. Pieratt, Adams and Blankenship.

Nov. 28. THE DRAKE.

The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

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The Leading Specialists of America
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WE CURE STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or tearing you. This will not cure you, and it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

WE CURE GLEET

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Failing Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at times Smarting Sensation, Sunken Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Varicocele, Shrunken Parts, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of Diseases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. Terms moderate for a cure.

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We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

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Grave errors, injustice, wrongs of greater or less degree, arise from lack of knowledge of the truth, and more frequently from deception.

The most infamous case on record of deception and injustice is the attempt to demonetize silver as a money of final redemption in the United States.

There is no learned judge, skilled lawyer, or court of justice that is capable of reconciling the effort with the constitutional laws that govern the issue of money in this country.

The people have been deceived, officials in power, chosen to administer justice under the laws, have ignored their sworn duty, and given aid to the scheme that has paralyzed industry, reduced property values one-half, and beggared millions.

There is no authority of law, either specific or by inference, by which gold alone is made the only money with which to discharge debts, either public or private. The effort to make it so is unconstitutional and a national calamity.

Plain and ample information, facts, and truth, concerning this almost successful scheme to corner the wealth of the people, is now being printed in the Cincinnati Enquirer, a newspaper which the combined power of money has failed to muzzle or buy.

The Weekly Enquirer is only 75c. a year. The address is
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